

breake the pate on thee, I am a very villaine, come & be hangd,  
hast no faith in thee?

Enter Gadshill.

Gadshill. Good morrow Carriers, what's a clocke?

Car. I thinke it be two a clocke.

Gad. I prethe lend me thy lanterne, to see my gelding in the  
stable.

1 Car. Nay by God soft, I know a trick worth two of that  
I faith.

Gad. I pray thee lend me thine.

2 Car. I, when, canst tell? lend me thy lanterne (quoth he)  
marry ile see thee hangd first.

Gad. Sirra Carrier, what time doe you meane to come to  
London?

2 Car. Time enough to goe to bed with a candle, I warrant  
thee. Come neighbour Mugs, wee'le call vp the Gentlemen,  
they will along with company, for they haue great charge.

Enter Chamberlaine.

Exeunt.

Gad. What ho: Chamberlaine.

Cham. At hand quoth picke-purse.

Gad. That's euē as faire, as at hand quoth the Chamberlaine:  
for thou variest no more from picking of purses, then giuing  
direction, doth from labouring: thou layest the plot how.

Cham. Good morrow master Gadshill, it holds currant that  
I told you yester night, ther's a Franckelin in the wild of Kent,  
hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold, I heard  
him tell it to one of his company last night at supper, a kind of  
Auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too, God knowes  
what, they are vp already, and call for egges and butter, they  
will away presently.

Gad. Sirra, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas clarks, ile  
giue thee this necke.

Cham. No, ile none of it, I pray thee keepe that for the hang-  
man, for I know thou worshippingest Saint Nicholas, as truly as a  
man of falshood may.

Gad. What talkest thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, ile  
make a fat paire of gallowes: for if I hang, old sir Iohn hangs  
with me, & thou knowest he is no starueling: tut, there are other  
Troians

Troians that thou dream'st not of, the which for sport sake are  
content to do the profession, some grace, that would (if matters  
should be lookt into for their owne credit sake make all whole.  
I am ioyned with no footland rakers, no long-staffe sixpennie  
strickers, none of these mad mustachio purplehewd maltworms,  
but with nobilitie, and tranquillitie, Burgomasters and great  
Oneyers, such as can hold in such as wil strike sooner then speak,  
and speak sooner then drinke, and drinke sooner then pray, and  
yet (zoundes) I lie, for they pray continually to their Saint the  
Common-wealth, or rather not pray to her, but pray on her, for  
they ride vp and downe on her, and make her their booties.

Cham. What, the Common-wealth their booties? will she  
hold out water in foule way?

Gad. She will, she will, Iustice hath liquord her: we steale as  
in a Castle cocksure: we haue the receite of Fernescede, wee  
walke inuisible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith, I thinke you are more beholding to  
the night then to Fernescede, for your walking inuisible.

Gad. Giue me thy hand, thou shalt haue a share in our pur-  
chase, as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me haue it, as you are a false theefe.

Gad. Go to, *homo* is a common name to al men: bid the Ostler  
bring my gelding out of the stable, farewell, ye muddy knaue.

Enter Prince, Poines, and Peto, &c.

Poin. Come shelter, shelter, I haue remoou'd Falstalles horse,  
and he frets like a gum'd Veluet.

Prince. Stand close.

Enter Falstaffe.

Fals. Poynes, Poynes, and be hang'd Poynes.

Prince. Peace ye fat-kidneyd rascal, what a brawling doest  
thou keepe?

Fals. What Poynes, Hal?

Prin. He is walkt vp to the top of the hill, Ile go seeke him.

Fals. I am accur'd to rob in that theeues companie, the rascal  
hath remooued my horse, and tyed him I know not where, if I  
trauell but foure foote by the squire further afoote, I shal breake  
my winde. Well, I doubt not but to die a faire death for all  
this, if I scape hanging for killing that rogue. I haue forsworne  
his company hourelly any time this xxii. yeare, and yet I am be-  
wicht